Help the Blind

☞ Please buy a hymn from a blind man, who was made so by brain fever, and is thrown upon his own resources for a living.

"Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out."

Christian! I know I'll be there.

I wonder, dear Christians, I wonder,
When the moon shall be turned into blood,
If you and I shall meet together
And walk with people of God.

CHORUS.—Do we say that we love one another—
Can we say we're in peace with mankind?
If so, we shall meet together
And walk on that beautiful shore.

I am praying, dear Christians, I am—
When the sun shall refuse to shine;
When there is no other refuge but Jesus—
That glory I want to be mine.

—CHORUS.

I believe that my name is in heaven,
And my record is on high;
Though often through sorrow I'm driven—
But it only keeps Jesus close by.

—CHORUS.

And when I have ended life's journey:
When my troubles and sorrows are done—
Then Jesus will light up the deep valley,
As I go through to my home.

—CHORUS.

When Gabriel shall sound that loud trumpet;
When Jesus shall stop in the air;
When the army shall march down together—
Oh, Christian! I know I'll be there.

—CHORUS.

The angels and saints then shall crown Him,
But before at His side shall sit down;
Oh, Chirstian! I know I'll be happy,
To have my hand on that crown.

—CHORUS.

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